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rations than those of pleasure and lucre, and when the approaching hosts of freedom widen the spheres of womanly vision. Thus many New England women were roused to moral enthusiasm at the time of the Revolutionary war, and transmitting this enthusiasm to their offspring, there was for a short time a moral halo radiant from the land. It was so in Italy even during the late abortive revolution. More even than men, the women there sympathized with the struggles of the patriot, and in many an Italian woman's heart *Mazzini* is worshipped as a saint and a martyr. In the absence of liberty, however, thought is smothered, and many Italian women are doomed to a life of mental vegetation, simply because despotic latitudes dam up the outlets of intellectual aspiration. Hence the comparative mental indolence of many Italian women is much more attributable to this fatal influence than to the impetuous and passionate elements of their character, to which it is frequently erroneously ascribed.

The most delightful Italian woman type is the *blondine*. The blue eyes in Italy gather peculiar beauty from the loveliness of the atmosphere, and the golden curls of very fair hair seem to reflect the rays of the sun. In Italy, where the minds and the hearts of women are so beautifully combined, there is a peculiar magnetism in those personal traits. Nowhere is this more apparent than in Italian ladies who have passed the first bloom of life. Instead of presenting a shrivelled and withered appearance, they seem to grow in beauty as they grow in years, and although age, of course, marks its progress, yet its ravages are frequently well-nigh imperceptible. In no country in the world are so many middle-aged beautiful women as in Italy, and this also we attribute to the fullness of their imagination and spiritual nature, which permits them to bear the sacred pangs of motherhood without impairing the vigor and buoyancy of their physique or their intellect. The innate elegance and refinement of Italian character, clothes the Italian woman with great social attraction. In London, and Paris, and Vienna, high society Italian ladies are, perhaps, more beloved than any other class of women. They present a combination of nobility of appearance, and naturalness and simplicity of manner, which is vouchsafed to few women of other lands. So the traveller in Italy is struck everywhere with queenly looking women. They abound in the fashionable circles of Florence and Rome, although they are seen to much greater advantage in their homes, and in the interior of the country, where the conventionalities of social etiquette do not exist to hamper the freedom of their movements and manifestations. Finally, in Italian womanhood, as a whole, we find great and noble traits of moral and mental elevation, which augur well for the future destinies of that beautiful and hallowed country.

MANY who have been once learned have given up their lease to avoid the trouble of repairs.—*T. Campbell.*

GOETHE AND HIS RELATION TO ART.

II.

THE artist is a child and follower of Nature. He is true to her moods and methods. He works in her spirit, to like results. He shows to the narrow minds of the multitude, more clearly than she can do, her plan, her beneficence, her harmony. He is an interpreter between her greatness and our littleness, and his merit is faithful interpretation. We have seen Goethe striving to honor the ideal force which pervades human activity: that constant tendency to ascension, which is the gravitation of the soul. If he had neglected this element, if he had not shared the flight of fire towards the sun, his books would fall from our fingers. Studies of what is called every-day life are intolerable. To live it is bad enough. To be obliged to live it over again in thought, to spend our hour of leisure among the crowd of eaters and traders, is a vastation worthy to have been added by Swedenborg to the torments of his abyss. The little circle of society to which we are introduced by an author must be animated by some "extraordinary generous feeling," or his picture is false to Nature and a mockery of our desires. Again, Goethe reproduces the method of the Maker in his tendency to clothe every thought with living form and to exhibit every law, not as law, but as life. He is a sphynx at the feet of the sphynx, and in characters, actions, and events he makes more manifest the vital forces, which hasten from the beginning to manifest themselves in actions, characters, and events. Our poet is also contented and delighted with such forms as the everlasting World Spirit has chosen to wear in this new day. He can clothe his best perceptions, his best wishes, in a garment woven of such activity as he sees. Living among us, he would feel that a railroad, which is a fact, is more poetic than a hippogriff, which is a fancy, because the possible alone represents the ideal. We find in his practice, therefore, the best modern illustration of three leading principles of Art.

Let us go to consider the healthy habit of his later years, the reproduction in his serene and cheerful mind, of that tranquillity and sufficiency which shines through nature to rebuke our care and fret. This repose in activity, this joyous earnestness, is the true poetic mood. It is the attitude of one who knows the omnipotence of those laws which sustain the sphere, who sees the prevalence of right over wrong, of order over confusion: who sees the old remains of chaos taking form, all nebule resolving into worlds and systems before the intelligence of man, an irresistible growing light. He enjoys the creation which he sees proceeding, enjoys the part he is called to take in it, and does not repine because the world is not perfected to his thought. He sees the power there is in thought, and would rather do what is to be done than stand by to see it accomplished. He is glad to have been born early into Time, to share the work of the morning. In our rude and sensual civilization there is work enough to be done. But

like the pioneer, he is hearty and gay, swinging the axe and the mattock, where others will reap and sing. For the poet sees the future in the present, and his assurance is the measure of his delight. He stands rejoicing in the open presence of those Lords of Life—the spiritual laws. These advance securely through the centuries, and bear in their generous hands the bread which will satisfy all hunger. When a man rises to see that he is not merely the creature, but the partaker of these laws, that he has his being in them, he is delivered from fear and impotence. He is now the heir of benignant nature, whose inexhaustible resources he begins to recognize.

The poet is he who sees that Nature in her sources is divine, and that the life of man flows down to him forever from the same unsounded spring. In the joy of this discovery he forgets his private misfortunes. He ceases to whine with the sentimentalist over his unappreciated merits and the injustice that is done him. He ceases to bewail the hard conditions imposed upon all. In Goethe the Werterism of youth soon burnt itself out forever. He soon learned the folly of wailing over a drowned world because there happened to be a fog in Weimar: of calling the moon a pale murderess because his mistress had proved unkind. He left exaggeration and perversion behind with the blood and thunder dramatists, and turned to contemplate Nature as she is related, not to the momentary humors of an individual, but to the healthy perceptions of the race. He soon saw that the law of life is not sorrow and disappointment: that beneficence after all is central and sovereign in the sphere: that Nature is a loving mother, and not the devil she seems to the foolish. She values the courage and efficiency of her children, and throws impediment in their paths, not to bury them in despair, but to provoke their energies. She will give the triumph of a victory well won.

Success is hard to get, hard to keep; but Goethe has learned that the true success is not in attainment of any definite result, but in development and exercise of power. Every particular gain is like the devil's gold, which turns to dry leaves in handling, like apples of Sodom, "Fruit on the tree but ashes on the tongue." Therefore the world is full of the sputtering and whining of disappointed children, who do not scruple to curse the mother because she has beguiled them to their good. They will not take their eyes from the playthings which she holds above their reach to teach them to walk and to climb. But their very roaring is good for the lungs. They will soon learn that this severity is a larger kindness. They will learn to thank him who can show that time is wasted in complaining of the conditions of life; in mourning like Hamlet over what is common, is inevitable, and is seen to be part of the plan.

The worship of sorrow delivers man from sorrow. Evil ceases to be evil when it is seen to be parcel of the whole, which is good. Goethe takes the objective or universal view, and sinks his own private, momentary grief to con-

sider the public benefit. Though our eyes be dim with weeping, the sunshine is still a bringer of joy, and after a day our sorrow delivers us to more permanent and purer satisfaction. Goethe is not less but more helpful because he refuses to sit down beside all the afflicted and mop his eyes with them on a common pocket handkerchief of sympathy. A vain regret is the dead sea whose brine kills every plant upon its shore, and stifles the very birds that fly over it.

The reformers are oppressed by evil, but not hopeless. Their method is criticism, exposure, complaining. They cry and exaggerate. Slavery seems to occupy more space in their minds than freedom—injustice than justice. They see a cloud of suffering and injury covering the earth and hiding heaven, and they almost forget the strong sun. With the hot reformer, a poet can have only partial sympathy. He sees the good in the world and lives to celebrate it. He sees the sun which remains and not the cloud which passes. He sees the power of principles, of justice, the speedy triumph of the right. To his eyes error is a morning mist, truth a steadily advancing day. He recognizes the forces which are preparing freedom for every individual of every race. He rejoices with Nature in the great work which the silent centuries accomplish. He is not dismayed by the delay and creeping pace of Time, for he sees the tendency of the creative powers, and follows their course to remote but certain issues. He sees that our cycles are days in the year of the Almighty, and he is happy while he waits. Nay, the poet is he who does not wait, because he has not his portion in a corner. He seeks not to inclose and take and hold something, but has his being in the life of the Universe. He is identified with the whole, and his success is the harmony of the original design. The objective or true poetic habit is a putting aside of every personal consideration, and rejoicing in the perfect fortunes of the Cause. The artist is he who does not sit moping till his own pot shall boil, but postpones his private advantage, and goes abroad to share the prosperity of all creatures. He enjoys already the success that is only preparing, for he sees that it is assured. He eats the earth, and tastes in it the flavor of corn and oil and wine. The flame which the Chinese prophet carried in his belly, able to burn up all the sins of the world, torments the reformer, but gives the poet an unmixed delight. For he is like Nature, and enjoys never a definite result, but always growth. His part is activity and ceaseless expansion. He loves the development and amelioration which goes on forever, and there is no conceivable or unconceivable state for which he would exchange the unsatisfying satisfaction of a being that is endless becoming. The poet will not shiver over dying embers on his own hearthstone while there is fire streaming from the sun. He throws away all he has gathered, all that belongs to him, in a new joy before the presence that is so fair, so inexhaustible, so, beyond thought, divine.

The true Art impulse is a subordination of our personal

and partial estimates, the surrender of our own to the spirit which creates and orders all. The reformers fret because a single wheel on which they ride does not run fast enough. They do not see or care what other wheels revolve. They have planted seeds, and they cry because the shoots are so slow in growing. But the poet sees from the beginning, what magnificent results are involved in this miracle of growth. It is his prophetic insight in which he rejoices. He sees already the future involved in past and present centuries of civilization : sees eternity folded in an hour like oak trees hidden in acorns. Out of the ocean he draws up an iron chest in his net, and he knows that the genius waiting in it will spread abroad and cover land and sea. What thought is wasted upon evil ! Who studies cold or darkness ? When Mr. Emerson is called upon to speak of the invasion of Kansas, he frankly confesses that there is nothing to say. If a thing is wrong, you can only call it by ugly names. It leads to nothing but wrong, which again is nothing. The good, who knows ? Who has explored it to any end ? The poet will drown out evil by turning on a flood of good. The reformers would cart away the winter snow ; he will melt it away. They attack the clouds from below with poles, he from above with fire. He will disclose a justice so fair and sacred that the tyrants and slaves and abolitionists will forget all their old relations, and be mingled together as poets before it.

Pious people, who have a deep delight in the presence of perfection, in love and purity, demand from the preacher a celebration of these virtues. They want a poet, not a reformer in the pulpit. They seek to know holiness, not sin. They come for the gospel, for glad tidings, and they do not care to meet every Sunday the distiller, the slave-driver, and the politician. This desire of the pure to warm themselves at the fire of purity, is abused by scoundrels in the congregation, who take advantage of it, to stop the mouth of the preacher whenever he feels obliged to rebuke their own rascalities. After all there is no reformer like the poet, who comes behind every tyrant to reinforce his humanity, so that his hands unfold from their grasp on the whip and chain. Philanthropy would seize the capitalist by the throat, and forcibly empty his pockets into those of the laborer. The poet opens a mine which draws away the rich and the poor together from all their paltry gains and desires. He leaves none rich but those who entertain his hope—none poor but those who have no ears to take his testimony. So, while the European patriots were making changes of government, Goethe was preparing man for self-government through self-intelligence. So in America the thinkers make us every day more independent of all that is done at Washington. When man can understand man, we shall have little to fear from politicians or governors. The poet will sing out of the world all injustice and folly, as the cheerful sun chases winter and night. They fly before the same power which makes him sing. He is glad and gay because he enters deeply

into sympathy with Nature, for her forces grow more and more mighty and moral, as we penetrate toward the centre of the sphere.

We boast of Shakspeare that his individual preference never colors a page of his picture. In making his photograph from Nature, the good operator steps aside from the field of vision. A spoiled child, like Byron, obtrudes himself into every company, and is never content till his whining attracts attention. This moody lord struts under twenty transparent disguises. He is Conrad and Mazeppa, Manfred and Childe Harold. He shows the very man in the moon ranting and mouthing with dagger and bowl, in Greek costume and English misanthropy. But a great mind is delivered from this narrowness, and sees the moon from a balcony, which is the most universal experience of the race. He will show what she has been to healthy perception, to healthy association from the beginning of time. Alexander Smith looks at her through a glass colored with the passions and vapors of a sickly school-boy, and her lurid glare, as he reflects it, is an astonishment to the vulgar—but no moonshine. All men pass through a stage of sentimentalism or exaggerated personality. The strong leave it quickly behind, turn their backs on themselves, and abandon the fruits of this folly in disgust, as Goethe repudiated the "sorrows of Werter." The true artist is quickly carried out of himself to contemplate that which is great, and before which our pretensions and performances are nothing. In self-forgetfulness before the pervading presence of the Highest, which our German benefactors have taught us to name the objective habit, we find illustration of another law of Art.

Again Goethe regards all things from the æsthetic point of view, as they are perfect or beautiful ; as they are related not to one necessity, but to all the wants of our nature. Art is reproduction of forms, conformed, not to the law of the mind alone, not to the moral sense alone, but to the large demands of a Being which is not satisfied with the excellence or the order of the universe. For we are not content with love or intelligence, but instantly intoxicated by Beauty, which rises like an exhalation from the marriage of these. We seek a society that will gratify every appetite of the soul. To make it, we first invent, then feign and show it. We people a new landscape with new figures worthy of it, and of our wishes. They are not merely fair to see : nay, they will not be fair to see unless they are also helpful, inspiring companions, whom it is good to know. Men begin to fear and love the right, to comprehend duty, and they go on for a time sacrificing the intellect, in a blind reverence for the moral sense. Then they begin to revere the order disclosed to the mind, to value truth, and to see that it is wholly an ally of the conscience. But they continue to regard beauty as as a bauble or a snare, after they have ceased to distrust perception. They are still like broken balls which will not steadily revolve. But when a sense of the harmony of the universe is added to insight and good will, we

have a spherul mind, that turns with suns and systems, and propagates their song. So Goethe has said that many men are capable of apprehending the good, few of receiving the Beautiful. In reality it is impossible to enjoy either of these elements of original being in fullness, by itself, and without a comprehension of the others. Beauty seems too low a word to be applied to that exuberance of perfection which rebukes our discontent and fear. This is because we have not known the dignity of Beauty, have seen only its lowest manifestation, and hesitate to name by one name the tint on a cherry and the splendors of the moral law. The end of Art is life. Beauty is the symbol of completeness, and the crown of the artist, because he is too large-natured to regard the good alone, as saints are wont to do, or the truth alone with philosophers. He holds both these elements, and knows their value, but he is led by his constitution to prize supremely their relation and concord, which is a kind of middle term. In this harmony he finds assurance not of safety only, but of endless delight. He sees that the universe is more than real, more than good. Having already worshipped love and order, he is now admitted to a fountain of pure joy. In this completion of the circle of being he finds health and serenity, a perpetual youth unknown to the men of mere thought or duty. Art is the expression of a life that is rounded into freedom, into sympathy, into music and ecstasy. Love and thought are flames which mingle in the fire of life, and at their point of junction is produced that thrill which melts the diamond, vibrates through the universe, and will not fail 'because it is one with the original creative impulse which repeats itself in Art. If Beauty then be a larger word than Life, we will say Beauty is the end of Art. This is that blossom which includes the virtues of the tree, and bears in its bosom fruit that is more than fruit. Beauty is not only the "promise of function," as it has been well named, but the fulfillment of a higher function, perpetual fulfillment, perpetual promise.

The artist comes striving to make known to us what has overtaken him. He brings in full hands earth, and air, and water, and fire: not a single element which perishes alone. Earth is not earth without air: air is not air without water and fire. This is the law, that our being of many chambers shall not powerfully overflow till every apartment is filled. Many men are driven to speak out of their religious experience, but the result is not largely religious. Many men strive to satisfy the intellect, but the result does not satisfy the intellect. The poet speaks to impart his joy, and the result is not beauty only, but wisdom and worship. Men merely religious communicate less religion than they have; poets more, because the former still speak from their personality, while the latter are surrendered to the world spirit, which is the source of religion, and, therefore, without special effort they enforce the moral law. The poet is the free or impersonal man, whom Nature has elected to declare her meanings, and not his own. He is filled with her fluids, and his speech is

their overflowing, and is subject, not to his, but her control, and goes to do her work, and publish her design. He opens doors for us to a life beyond his own. He has not measured what he offers. It is more a surprise to him than to another. It is a piece, not of his private, but of the universal good fortune. A man cannot have found much if he is not transported, and as the ancients said, "Brought to singing" by his discovery. The wrangling of philosophers, the despondency of preachers, is a confession of narrowness, which excludes them from sharing the tone of Nature, always cheerful, hopeful, confident. Go from the church into the open air, and you feel an instant change of moral temperature. This experience saves many a soul from the dogma of the pulpit. The young man says, as he looks up to the blue, rejoicing sky, this is false to the Maker's mind, or that tradition I have heard to-day is false to it. They are not in unison. The poet's thought alone approaches at once the sanctity and the hilarity of the universe. His reverence is joyous, his joy is reverent. Goethe is a singer, and he knows that his calling is the most sacred, his credentials the highest. The poet has given philosophies and religions to mankind. He comes to reinforce the original gift of life, in which every good is involved. Whether he express his confidence in marble, or in speech, or upon canvas, he is welcome in every age. The Art impulse is thought without limit, worship without fear. Goethe is one of the cup-bearers. He brings wine. He can draw the alcoholic element from corn, and meat, and salt. He will touch no plant till it flowers. He looks for fruit where there is a blossom, for the smiling beneficence of the Maker is clothing earth and heaven before his eyes with sunshine and delight.

We have indicated the great laws of Art. Goethe illustrates them by his delight in imagery, in the ideal tendency, and those natural conditions under which it works. Again, by his objective habit and his devotion to beauty as the completion of excellence, the jewel in her crown. His ideality is not the highest, and he has left no perfect work in his latest method. It is only by fragmentary studies that we learn the habit of his matured mind. Faust and Meister are unfinished, like the marbles of Angelo. The great masters only indicate their position, and pass on. Their works are to themselves like the copy books of children, exercises to be thrown aside. Emerson, who notices the incompleteness of Goethe's works, has thrown out fragments of thought upon loose leaves. He who is "capable of surrender to unity," will not hope to compass unity in himself. What is lost in immediate is gained in general power. A fragment always points from itself, and suggests more than it expresses, and the best office of speech is its reference to that which will not be spoken. The elective affinities will show Goethe's power to draw a perfect circle. He described some part of many curves whose orbits are not completely within the horizon of a single life. There is also a higher form than the circle, namely, the spiral, whose gyres ascend in returning, and

the great artists have followed it, and lost the lesser in a greater perfection. Since the departure of the German poet no man has been found to take up the song of the sphere till Emerson appeared. In him we see again the shining face and cheerful attitude of the poet. Why has he spoken like a poet of Plato, and Swedenborg, and Shakspeare, and like a critic of Goethe? We needed interpretation, not definition of his character. Montaigne and Napoleon have not long to wait for admirers. Their influence is immediate and excessive. But Goethe has much to give which we are slow to take, and the lecture by Emerson seems not to be a fair introduction to his own estimate of the genius of this "Writer," as we have gathered it from other sources. The best fortune we can wish the artist and the student of Art is that he may learn all the German master can teach. That he may reach as deep a sympathy with Nature, as firm a confidence in her integrity. Then he will need no other tuition but her own. No man will fail to sing when he can reach the meaning of that saying :

"To fear is easy but grievous,"

"To reverence is difficult, but satisfactory."

BROWNLEE BROWN.

IN Greece, famous for the exquisite and beautiful symmetry of her educational philosophy, woman never rose into her proper rank, as a social ministrant; as a human counsellor; as a judicious friend; as a consoling and strengthening sympathizer. Her position was that rather of an attendant—a drudge—or the creature of mere sensual contemplation. Even her Aspasia, famous as the companion of so great a statesman as Pericles, famous for her intellectual vivacity, her arts and her accomplishments, was permitted to arrive at this distinction only by the forfeiture of some of her most ennobling and endearing qualities as a woman.

The case was still worse in Rome, though she boasts of the patriotic virtues of her Virginias and Cornelias. When we hear of her recognized woman—when she rises into rank in the pages of recorded history, it is rarely because of her merits as matron or virgin. She could only acquire distinction as she became unsexed and unfeminine—as she put on the hard nature, the bolder manners, with the more intense cravings and ambition of the man. It is a very great error to suppose, as it is too commonly the case, that the feudal period of modern history was more favorable to the culture and position of the sex. That period which we call the age of chivalry, threw an artificial halo about the sex in courtly places, such as the great centres of France, Provence, and, possibly in portions of Great Britain; but even in these courtly centres, woman was at best the mere creature in a pageant—a tributary only to a false system which sought its meretricious aids in all quarters, and subsidized even religion, with as little scruple as it did the gentler sex. In brief, as Sismondi tells us, the age which we fondly designate as that of chivalry, and eulogize for its grace, purity, and near approach to perfection, existed only in brilliant fictions. They were not real, not natural. It was illusion only!—*W. Gilmore Simms.*

That disposition of mind which exemplifies itself through changes of fashion is really unfavorable to the sense of beauty.

THE VILLAS OF THE ROMANS.

BY JOHN H. GOURLIE.

THE fondness of the Romans for rural life and the charms of the country, is an interesting feature in their character. The good taste of the wealthy nobles and public men has been fully illustrated by the remains that have been discovered, of their rural residences—enough being left to us to excite our wonder and admiration at the vast extent, the expensive luxury, and the proud display of these—their summer resorts.

Much might be imagined of the extraordinary grandeur of the villas of Tiberius, in the little island of Capræa, of which it has been said, "It was covered with structures devoted to his magnificence and his crimes." Here Tiberius lived during the last ten years of his life, indulging in his vices, and here he erected many noble buildings, the most magnificent of which was the Villa Jovis, the ruins of which may still be visited.

At one period of the Roman empire the shores of Bæia were adorned with proud palaces of the Roman nobles, with many of which were connected groves and gardens, and all the elegances which appertain to opulence and a luxurious taste; many of the gardens were filled with the divine works of the Grecian sculptors. On the opposite shores, from Naples to Sorrento, the same wide-spread magnificence of architecture was visible; illustrating the extent of the wealth and power of the Romans in the days of Imperial greatness and grandeur. The vices which sprang from this vast display of wealth and luxury afford to modern moralists ample cause for the justification of Divine vengeance, in hurling to destruction, by the flames of Vesuvius, or the upheavings of the earthquake, a race so sunk in licentiousness and lust.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the infamies of this debased state of Roman society. Our path lies forward in a pleasanter direction, and amid happier associations. Among all the extant remains of Roman magnificence, the traveller who has rambled among the olive-covered hills of Tibur, will remember the pleasure and surprise with which he viewed the ruins of the villa of Hadrian. Its remains attest its former grandeur. It is said to have covered a space of *eight to ten* miles in circuit, and was adorned with columns of porphyry and marble, and surrounded with Lyceums and groves, and all else that Art could invent or wealth supply. Situated on an elevated position above the plain of the Campagna, it embraced in its view a wide scope of landscape—of mountain and sea—and of the glorious temples of the Eternal City, that offered to the eye of the beholder the tribute of its Imperial magnificence.

In the selection of situations for their summer residences, the wealthy Romans exhibited such orthodox taste, as to leave no doubt of their fondness for the beauty of natural scenery. To these advantages they were enabled by their opulence to add the adornments of Art, and all else that